

Contributed

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

O often I wait
At the beautiful gate
Of Thine earthly temple, Lord,
And I ask an alms
Of the sweet-sung psalms,
The prayers and the preached word;

For ever I yearn
And hearken to learn
Some news of my absent Lord,
And I wait, I wait
At th' beautiful gate
In hope of a secret word:

For a priceless grace
In that sacred place
Is ever Thy message, Lord,
And the soul leaps up
In gladness and hope
When it hears the precious word;

And it comes to me
In an ecstasy
Sometimes as I listen, Lord,
Or in holy calm
From the chanted psalm,
The prayer or the spoken word.

M. McK. C.

"HE SAVED OTHERS, HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE."

By Rev. W. H. Perkins.

When Jesus was dying on the cross the chief priests and scribes looking on said in bitter mockery, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Never was a truer word spoken. To save others, sacrifices must be made. We sometimes wonder why it is that our country churches have so little leavening influence upon the country around. The best of our country churches do not grow, and yet, go out in any direction you will, on converging roads, and within a few miles you will find families without God, without knowledge of a Savior, caring for none of these things. Whatever may be said about the stupid indifference of the unsaved, the failure to reach them is largely owing to want of an evangelical spirit in these country churches.

Jesus said, "Ye are the salt of the earth." How can salt preserve anything unless it is brought in contact with the thing to be saved? How can Christians spread the leaven of the Gospel without going out and speaking to the unsaved?

Only see how we move on! On the one side a large class of irreligious non-churchgoers, made up of all shades and grades of refined forms of sin down to the brutal, but all perishing for salt. Then see a church here and there, little piles of salt, whose members theoretically say poor sinners can have, if they will come and get it. Some say: "I have my business to attend to, and it requires all my time."

Well, when Jesus was sending out His disciples, He said, "As ye go, preach." Let your life be a sermon—a letter—Christ's epistle to an ungodly world. Others say, "I do not care to be mixed up with such common people." "Self preservation is heaven's first law." That is an untrue, selfish, unchristian sentiment. "He

that saveth his life shall lose it," and "he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

What kind of an army would we have, if every man were to set the preservation of his life as his first duty? What we all need is to go now and then to Calvary, and gaze upon the face of that great sacrifice and to think upon those true words, "He saved others, himself he can not save." The attitude of your mind towards the outside, unsaved masses, determines whether you are for Christ or against Him. As you go, preach, and such as you have give unto others. Freely ye have received, freely give."

THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

By Rev. R. L. Benn.

The human soul is not self-sustaining. It is ever reaching forth to some trustworthy object or presence. Again and again there comes the feeling of Moses that all will come to desolation without such support when he exclaimed, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." The human soul wants some object that is higher and grander and mightier than itself upon which it can confidently repose and feel itself secure. That want is met in Christ. He satisfies and sustains the soul, and directs its healthy growth, and joyful development, and noble achievement. His satisfying and assuring promise is, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

This promise does not mean an impersonal influence, vague as the pervading atmosphere, or "a stream of tendency flowing through the ages" with no ear for prayer, no heart for sympathy, no arm to deliver. It means a real living presence. In his estate of exaltation, Christ is omnipresent. His presence fills immensity. His flaming eye observes all that transpires in one's private and public life, in the shadow of darkness as well as in the glare of light. But he is present with his people as Savior, Shepherd and Friend, giving his gracious, loving, interested presence exclusively to them. And there are times in the true Christian's life when the conviction of his presence dawns so vividly that one feels his hand lifting his burdens, and hears his voice whispering comfort to his soul. His presence is a benign reality.

More present to faith's vision keen,
Than any visions seen,
More near, more ultimately nigh
Than any earthly tie.

His presence is not something now and then. "I am with you always," he says. It is an abiding presence. Earthly resources are perpetually changing. It is impossible to calculate what changes a single day may effect. Uncertainty and instability and transiency characterize all things here below. Wealth vanishes, competency ceases, position fails, health breaks, friends even change, and if they do not change, they certainly die, so that, "There is none abiding."

How impressive does this truth of mutation become at times. One day a visitor returns from some other place where you once resided, and you ply him with questions about different friends you once had there. "Did you see Mr. A?" "Yes; but you would scarcely recognize him now; he has changed so much." "Did